General Audiences

No Archive Warnings Apply

Gen
M/M

Toy Story (Movies)

Buzz Lightyear/Woody Pride

Woody Pride
Buzz Lightyear
Jessie (Toy Story)
Bonnie Anderson
Pretty much all the toys

Falling In Love
Romance
Kidnapping
Rescue
Jealous Woody
English

Falling With Not All That Much Style

nomsy

Summary:

When Woody falls, Buzz catches him.

Bonnie is much more careful with them than Andy used to be, especially now that she's big – almost seven. It's not better, or worse, just… different. Woody doesn't remember having fallen off anything in a long while.

But one day she sets him on the highest shelf in her room – "You have to keep watch, okay, and when I'm back we're having a tea party instead of homework!" – and as she's in a hurry she doesn't make sure he's sat down properly, and before he knows it he's falling. Not like Buzz, not with style. He just drops straight down.

Buzz catches him.

That's not unexpected. What's unexpected is the way it makes Woody feel. Buzz has caught him a thousand times, and even if he hadn't, it's not like falling of Bonnie's shelf is actually dangerous, at least not in ways that Bonnie couldn't fix with needle and thread. Still. Woody is flooded with relief when Buzz catches him and laughs, and he doesn't know why. Probably it's because falling isn't fun, even when it's not dangerous, and it's nice to know Buzz is there for him. Because they're friends. That's what they are.

And that's the only reason why it's so hard when one day one of Bonnie's friends squeals and picks up Buzz.

"Oh, it's an old Buzz! They make them all different now! Oh look, this is so cool! Bonnie, can I borrow him, oh please? Please, just for a little while? I'll take such good care of him, please?"

Bonnie laughs. "Of course you can!" she says and Woody's wishes he could move to look at Buzz and see if he's as horrified as Woody himself.

Buzz has been gone for a week, and the girl is back for a visit.

"Have you brought Buzz back?" Bonnie asks.

The girl shakes her head. “Sorry, Bonnie, I forgot him. I’ll bring him next time, okay? I promise.”

Bonnie bites her lip and looks down. Woody knows her well enough by now to be certain that she does mind, but isn’t going to say anything. Bonnie’s nice like that. Right now he wishes she wasn’t.

“Okay,” Bonnie says. “But next time, you have to bring him.”

The girl doesn’t.

Bonnie’s lips are quivering. “You promised!” she says, as confrontational as Bonnie ever gets.

“Bonnie, it’s just a toy, okay? I’ll give it back, don’t worry.”

“Okay,” Bonnie says.

Woody and Jessie share a look. Jessie shakes her head very slightly. Woody balls his hands into fists.

“What are we going to do?” Woody asks when Bonnie is at school the next day. “We need to get him back!”

“Woody,” Rex says. “Do you think he’s in danger?”

“I – I don’t know, okay? I want him back!”

“We all do,” Slinky says.

Mr Potato Head picks up his eye and puts it back on. “She’s going to give him back, Woody. I miss Buzz, too, but you know how kids can get, she’ll bring him next time.”

“It’s been a month!” Jessie says. “I think Woody’s right, we need to do something to save him.”

“Let’s wait a while, just until that girl comes to visit again. If she doesn’t bring Buzz back next time, we’ll see what we’re going to do,” Dolly says.

Woody agrees, very grudgingly.

She doesn’t bring him back.

“She didn’t bring him back!” Woody says, outraged.

“She made Bonnie cry!” Jessie shouts, looking ready to kick something. Bullseye next to her stomps his hooves angrily. “We need to do something!”

“I think you’re right,” Dolly says.

Even Mr Potato Head nods. “It’s not looking good so far, she’s never going to bring him back herself. We need to make her!” He puts on his angry eyes.

Rex gasps. “What if she destroyed him? Like Sid!”

Mrs Potato Head puts her heads over her mouth. “Oh no, that would explain why she hasn’t given him back!”

Woody manages to stand up. “Okay,” he says. He feels like curling up under Bonnie’s desk and staying there until Buzz comes back. He doesn’t feel like there’s anything he can do, but this is Buzz. He has to think of something. They’ve gotten out of worse situations. Buzz rescued him from Al the Chicken Man, and they made it out of the incinerator. He can do this.

He realizes the others are staring at him expectantly. “Chances are –“ Woody says. “Chances are, she just forgot. Or at most, she wants to keep him to herself. We need to find out where she lives –“

Trixie turns on the computer. “What’s she called again?” she asks.

“I don’t know! Her first name was Laura – no, Lilah…” Mrs Potato Head trails off.

“The birthday invitation! She invited Bonnie to her birthday! It must say her name, maybe her phone number, too!” Dolly says, starting to climb up onto the desk. The others hurry to help her up.

“Here it is! It says her address!”

“Put it into the computer, Trixie!”

“I’m on it, don’t rush me!”

They all lean around Trixie to try and see the screen.

“It’s far away!” Mrs Potato Head cries.

“A few blocks,” Woodie says grimly. “We’ve done more dangerous things. We can handle this. Who’s coming with me?”

Jessie steps up right away, as do Dolly, Hamm, Slinky, Rex and Mr Pricklepants.

“Okay,” Dolly says. “What’s the plan?”

Everyone looks at Woody. “Find Buzz. Bring him back,” he says.

“Cunning,” Chuckles says.

“Be careful!” Mrs Potato Head whispers.

“Oh, we will,” Rex says. “We will.” He’s trembling slightly.

“Yee-haw!” Jessie calls. “Let’s go!”

Woody wishes Buzz was here to tell him everything is going to be fine.

It's dark outside, except for the dim glow of the streetlights. Bonnie lives in a very quiet part of town, so there aren't any cars at this time, and they make it safely across the road.

Dolly consults the map that Trixie printed out for them. "We keep going along this street," she says. "Then we turn right, go straight, turn right again, then left, then right twice, then a sharp left –"

"Whoa, hold it 'till we get there," Jessie says. "We need to make it that far."

"That girl lives in a busy part of town," Mr Pricklepants says with a sigh. "Of course, just our luck."

"We'll be fine," Rex says. "We'll be fine, we'll be fine, we'll be –"

"Watch out!" Hamm says and jumps behind a hedge. The others follow rapidly.

A couple walks by, giggling and kissing. The guy disturbingly reminds Woody of Sid.

Jessie makes kissy faces behind the hedge and rolls her eyes.

They wait until the couple's turned around the corner, then hurry on.

"This is it!" Dolly says finally. "Number 206! That's her house."

"But how do we get inside?" Rex asks, nervously jumping up and down.

"Our best course of action is to wait until people come and go tomorrow during the day, I think," Hamm says. "What do you think, Woody?"

Woody nods. Buzz is somewhere in that house, hopefully. Maybe he is being tortured. Maybe he is just lying around, not being played with. Maybe the other toys are cruel and treat him meanly…

"Let's stay in those bushes over there," Jessie says. "Nobody will find us and we can think about how we'll get in tomorrow."

"Buzz, honey," Buzzie coos. "Are you okay?"

Buzz crosses his arms. He is not okay.

"I am not okay," he says. "I need to go home. I have to find a way!"

"But you can't leave me!" she said. "You have to stay here! I love you."

Buzz groans. "I have to get back to Bonnie. Woody and Jessie and the others will be worried about me. It's been weeks."

"I don't know in which sector that planet is, I've never heard of Bonnie," she says. "But your mission is here! You're my back-up and my husband and you're staying."

"Buzzie," he says. "I am not your husband."

Seriously, are all space ranger toys like this when they're fresh out of the package? Buzzie is worse than he ever was. Hopefully. Or he must have been even more annoying than he remembers.

"But, Buzz! This planet needs you!"

Buzz lies down on the ground and stares up at the ceiling. "No," he says. "The planet does not need me. My friends do."

He's been trying to make a plan, but Buzzie's constant pleas for him to stay and plan their future as a married couple of intergalactic defenders is getting to him.

"But, Buzz! We have to report back to the space rangers! They'll want to congratulate us on our marriage!"

Buzz sighs.

"Good night," he says.

Bonnie cries all night.

"What are we supposed to do?" Trixie asks. "Now she's not only lost Buzz, but half her toys!"

"They'll come back," Mr Potato Head whispers. "There's nothing we can do right now."

Slinky peeks at Bonnie on the bed. She's buried her face in the pillow and is sobbing quietly, clutching Buttercup in her arms.

"We just have to hope Woody and the others will rescue Buzz and make it back," Mrs Potato Head says hopelessly.

The door opens the next morning, and a tall girl walks out, talking on her phone. Bonnie's friend – well, she's probably not Bonnie's friend anymore – trudges behind her.

"That must be Leah's older sister!" Jessie whispers.

"I think it was Lucy, actually," Mr Pricklepants says.

"I thought her name was Lara," Dolly says skeptically.

“In any case, that must be her older sister,” Rex says. “She’s taking her to school, so there won’t be anyone in her room! This is perfect!”

“Shhh!” Woody says. “We have to wait for the right moment!”

The girl carelessly pulls the door shut behind her – almost. There’s a small gap and it’s not quite closed.

The girl walks down the path from the front door to the driveway, still talking, her younger sister still following her.

“Yeah, okay, Sid, baby, tonight at six, that’s fine with me. And I totally love you, but could you, like, not pick me up in the garbage truck this time, please?” she says, getting into the car. Buzz’s thief gets into the back.

“Now!” Woody says.

They all hurry towards the door and climb up the stairs.

“We made it!” Jessie says once they’re inside. “Where do you think her room is?”

“Probably upstairs,” Woody says. “Is there anyone else in the house?”

“It sounds like there’s someone in the kitchen,” Dolly whispers.

They peek around the corner they’re hiding behind.

“Her parents,” Mr Pricklepants says. “We can make it if we hurry across the corridor and up the stairs.”

“Okay,” Woody says. “On my command. Three – two – one – GO!”

They run.

It takes them time to go up the stairs, but they make it. There’s a lot of rooms upstairs. The third one they try is the right one. Buzz is sitting on the rug, looking down dejectedly. When they rush inside, he jumps up. “Guys? It’s you!” he says, beaming.

“Buzz!” Woody rushes towards Buzz and hugs him.

“Woody! You found me!” Buzz hugs him back.

“Of course I did!” Woody says. “I mean, of course we did!”

“We’re here to take you home!” Jessie says. “Come on!”

“Oh, finally,” Buzz said. “I’m going crazy here, you will not believe what Lilly did to me –“

“I knew it was Lilly!” Rex throws in.

“Buzz! My Buzz, are you throwing a party for me and introducing me to your friends? You’re so sweet! Then we can be off to defeat evil once and for all!”

Buzz groans and tries to hide behind Hamm.

“Who’s this?” Jessie asks, staring at the very pink toy in front of them.

“Greetings!” the toy says. “I am Buzzie Lightyear –“

“What?” everybody says, turning to Buzz.

“Not Lightyear,” Buzz says. “Buzzie, we are not married!”

“Of course we are!” she says. “And we’ll defeat evil together!”

Woody turns to Buzz. “You got married?” he asks, shocked. And, frankly, disbelieving. This is not like Buzz. Also, Buzz is his!

Oh, goodness. What is he thinking? Buzz is his friend, not his – anything else. His friend. Not *his*. Just his friend. That was an accident. An accidental thought. It wasn’t –

“Woody?” Buzz asks.

Everybody is staring at him. He must’ve zoned out there.

“Who are these people, Buzz?” Buzzie asks, thankfully distracting everyone from Woody. Her space suit looks just like Buzz’s, except it’s pink and has a lot more gadgets.

“I am not married!” Buzz says to Woody. “I’m not.”

“Oh yes, you are!” Buzzie says. “We were made to be married!” She turns to the others. “We were engaged for years while we both travelled the galaxy to fight the forces of evil until we finally met again on this planet. Lilly officiated our marriage, just like it should be!”

“Made to be married!” Hamm says. “That’s why that girl Lilly wanted you, Buzz! That’s why she won’t give you back! She wants both of you!”

“I am not married!” Buzz says again. “I did not want to marry you, Lilly just played it, Buzzie! You’re not a space ranger, you’re a doll, you’re a toy, see? I was never engaged to you!”

“Buzz!” Buzzie says, horrified. “Are you ill, honey? You’re delusional, you must have a fever!” She presses the palm of her hand against Buzz’s helmet as if to feel his temperature through it.

“We have to go,” Dolly says rationally. “Quickly. Bonnie must have noticed we’re gone. She’s probably heartbroken, worrying about us.”

“Buuuuuzz!” Buzzie wails.

Buzz glances helplessly at Woody. Woody shrugs, no idea what to do.

"Buzzie!" Jessie gets right in Buzzie's face. "What is this, huh?"

"W-what?" Buzzie stammers.

"Aren't you a space ranger? A commander of the space rangers, even?" Jessie says, pointing at the purple stripes on the shoulders of Buzzie's pink space suit.

Buzzie nods. "I – I am."

Jessie points at her. "Then be strong! Independent! What do you need Buzz for, heh? Isn't he useless to you?"

"Excuse me –" Buzz starts. Woody nudges him in the side. Buzz clears his throat. "Yes! Yes, I am useless to you, Buzzie! Completely useless!"

Buzzie nods bravely. "I – I guess I am the more capable one of us," she says, blinking away her tears.

Buzz grits his teeth, but nods.

"There ya go," Jessie says. "Now, go protect this galaxy alone and be secure in the knowledge that Buzz will be doing the same at Bonnie's! But for that, you have to let him go. Can you do that, Buzzie? For the good of all the galaxy?"

Buzzie nods again. "I can. I need to think of the people and planets I have sworn to protect," she says, obviously steeling herself. She salutes Buzz. "Good luck, honey," she says. "Farewell!"

Buzz salutes her back half-hartedly. "Farewell," he says. Jessie steps on his foot. "Honey," he adds hesitantly.

"Okay, let's move," Woody says, slightly confused as to what's just happened but deciding to go with it.

Buzz smiles at him. "Let's move," he says.

"That was awesome, Jessie!" Dolly squeals on the way home. "Well done!"

"Thank you," Buzz says. "Worst marriage ever."

"I can't believe you got married to a delusional pink space ranger," Woody says.

"Hey," Buzz says. "I didn't want to. That girl married us without even considering that I might already be in – that I might not want to get married."

"She was just playing," Rex says. "It doesn't count outside her game."

"It does!" Mr Pricklepants says. "Do none of you value the benefits of staying in character outside playing hours?"

Rex waves his little arms. "I'm just saying, it's not like the girl condemned Buzz to be married forever. Maybe she thought he and this Buzzie would be happy this way. Maybe she was trying to do something nice for her toys."

"She stole Buzz," Woody says as they arrive in front of Bonnie's house. "And married him off!"

"I'm not saying she did a good job!" Rex says.

"It doesn't matter. I'm back now, and staying," Buzz says. "For infinity and beyond!"

Now this is how things should be. No Buzzie. Buzz belongs with him – them. Woody smiles. At least until Jessie pokes his side and coughs, "Jealous!"

"What?" he says.

She laughs and winks at him as they climb up the rope of dental floss Buttercup and Trixie are holding out of the window.

Bonnie starts crying when she comes into her room after school. "You're back," she wails. "You're back. All of you. Oh, Woody, oh, Buzz!" She presses them to her chest and keeps crying. "Mommy, Mommy, they're all back."

"Sweetie, I told you they'd turn up," her mom says, smiling and patting Bonnie's hair. "There they all are."

Bonnie nods, tears running down her cheeks, smiling widely. "You're all back," she whispers. "I'll never let you go again!"

Lilly stops by after school the next day. "Uh, I'm sorry, Bonnie," she says. "I can't find Buzz."

Bonnie stands up very straight. "I've got him back. He belongs with me. I'll never lend you any of my toys again!"

Lilly looks at her confusedly. "But how –"

Bonnie turns up her nose. "They all belong to me. I promised Andy to look after them, and I always will." she says. "This is their home!"

"See, I have a Buzzie – it's Buzz's wife, that's why I wanted to borrow him. She's all new. The stores only just got her in, and my mom wouldn't give me a Buzz to go with her, but I wanted one. I'm really sorry, though. And I brought you candy to prove it," she says, holding a nicely-wrapped box out to Bonnie.

Bonnie takes it and smiles benignly. "I don't believe in marriage," she says. "I learned that in school. Buzz can lead a happy life without being tied down to this Buzzie toy."

Jessie snorts and hides her smile behind her hands. Woody and Buzz grin at each other.

"What do they teach kids in school nowadays?" Mrs Potato Head asks, aghast.

“Oh,” Lilly says. “I’m really sorry, I thought we could marry the toys and play the ceremony, you know? But I didn’t bring Buzzie.”

“Not a problem,” Bonnie says generously. “I forgive you. And we can play marriage if you want. For some people it’s a valid lifestyle choice, my mom says. Even though, statistically, they’re gonna get divorced, the teacher told us.” Bonnie grabs Woody and Buzz. “Where do you want to set up the church? It’s a space church on another planet, so we have to make astronaut helmets for everybody. Jessie can officiate it, Dolly and Buttercup will be best toys…”

Woody can see Jessie smirk at him as Bonnie holds him and Buzz up next to each other, as if to check how they’d look on a cake.

“Well, better you than Buzzie,” Buzz says after Bonnie’s gone to sleep that night.

Woody smiles weakly. It’s better than nothing, he supposes.

“Statistically, we’re going to get divorced, anyway,” he says, giving Buzz a sideways look.

Buzz smiles at him. “No,” he says. “Not us.”

The next day, Bonnie puts Woody on her nightstand before leaving for school.

When Bonnie’s mom sweeps the room before lunch, she accidentally knocks Woody down as she leaves.

He falls, rather clumsily, arms flailing and legs kicking. He’s sure he looks ridiculous. His falling doesn’t have much style to it at all.

Buzz catches him.

Close (#)